

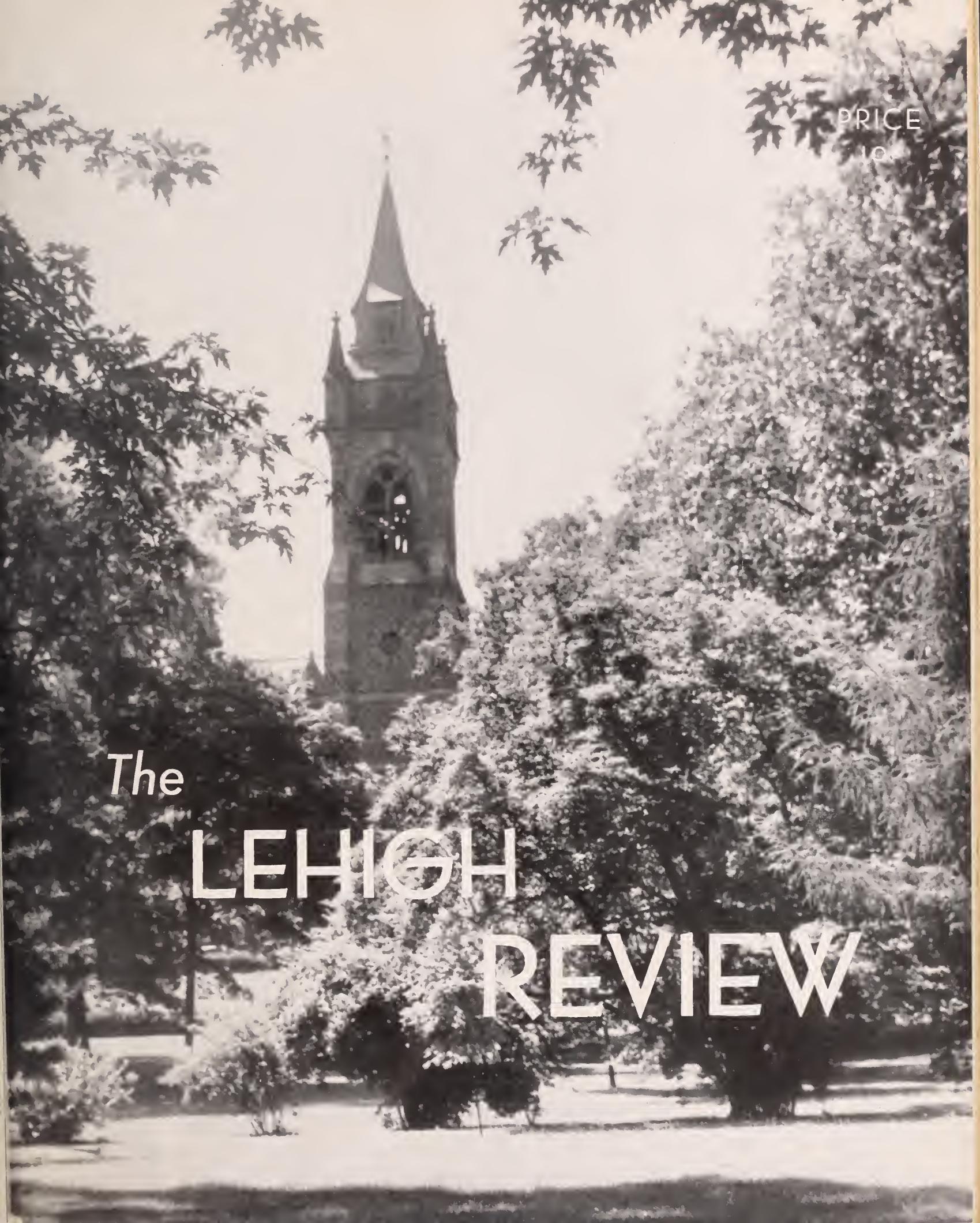




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The

LEHIGH

REVIEW

WE ASKED SPORTS CHAMPIONS:

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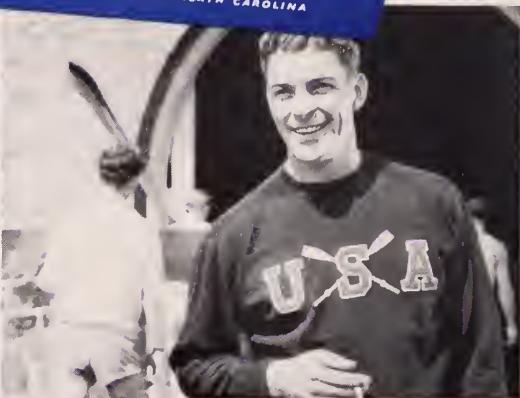
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FLAVOR! "A Camel tastes like a million dollars!" Ellsworth Vines, Jr., tennis champion, told us. "That rich, mellow flavor appeals to my taste," he continued, "and I actually feel a 'lift' from a Camel!"



SO MILD! Frank Copeland, billiard champion: "I enjoy smoking all I want. Camels are so mild that they never upset my nerves. When the subject of cigarettes comes up, I say 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel!'"



ENERGY!

Helen Hicks, famous women golf champion, says: "I'm exhausted at the finish of a tournament, but I never mind. I know I can always quickly restore my energy with a Camel—it's a 'lift' I enjoy often!"

VALUE!

An answer from Bill Miller, 4 times National Single Sculls Champion: "It's easy to understand why Camels have such mildness and flavor. Camel spends millions more for finer tobaccos. That's value!"



HEALTHY NERVES!

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—"Any one who spends much time in water sports can't afford to trifle with jumpy nerves," says Harold ("Stubby") Kruger, Olympic swimmer and water polo star. Above, you see "Stubby" in Hollywood—snapped recently by the color camera. "I smoke a great deal, and Camels don't ever ruffle my nerves," he says.

CAMPUS QUIZ

COMPLAINTS have been pouring in about our last "Campus Quiz." Too easy, they say. Here's one not quite so easy; but if you've kept your eyes open you'll have no trouble. To appreciate your own score, compare it with your editor's a measly 75. Answers will be found on page 23.

1. One of these national social fraternities has no chapter at Lehigh:
(1) Beta Theta Pi (2) Chi Phi
(3) Sigma Alpha Epsilon (4) Theta Delta Chi
(5) Theta Xi
2. The course in Petrography is given in the department of
(1) Civil Engineering (2) Geology
(3) Mathematics (4) Chemistry (5) Streets
3. In a recent election Arcadia chose as its new head
(1) L. P. Calhoun (2) J. L. Dietz
(3) B. S. Weiss (4) T. K. Garihan
(5) L. H. Quilph
4. Through the vigilance of a Lehigh amateur radio "bug" relief was promptly sent to a
(1) starving city in China (2) flooded area in Kentucky (3) foundering ship off the Jersey shore (4) dust-ridden section of Kansas
(5) starving instructor
5. The George Washington who stands in the Library entrance carries a
(1) gold sword (2) riding whip (3) torch of liberty (4) walking stick (5) pint of corn
6. Outstanding among the portraits shown at the Open House Art exhibit was that of a faculty member
(1) Ford (2) Carothers (3) Palmer (4) Howland
(5) Coxe
7. At its last meeting Mustard and Cheese voted to
(1) stage four plays in 1935-36 (2) lower its initiation fee (3) invite guest stars for every production (4) join a national dramatic society
(5) increase its membership
8. After an eight game losing streak the baseball team scored a 12-9 victory over
(1) Rutgers (2) Muhlenberg (3) Lafayette
(4) Alfred (5) Nitschmann
9. Attendance at Open House was checked by
(1) Photo-electric cells (2) Brown and White reporters (3) members of Brown Key society
(4) ROTC students (5) twelve C.P.A.'s
10. The motto inscribed on the Lehigh seal is
(1) De Nihilo, Nihil Fit (2) Veritas Sine Moribus Vanae (3) Homo Minister et Interpres Naturae
(4) Cognoscere Lehighii Est Amare Lehighii
(5) Caveat Emptor
11. The column, "Old Man of the Mountain," was run during the past semester by
(1) Bill Toffey (2) Kent Putnam (3) Walt Finlay
(4) Jud Schaeffer (5) Fred Larkin
12. Members of the Robert Blake society on their annual junket traveled to
(1) Lafayette (2) Muhlenberg (3) Bryn Mawr
(4) Princeton (5) Custer
13. To go from the Library to Coppee hall in the shortest way it is necessary to walk up
(1) 18 steps (2) 26 steps (3) 4 steps
(4) 62 steps (5) 36 steps
14. Flanking the seal of Lehigh above the south entrance to Drown hall are those of
(1) Columbia and Yale (2) Brown and Pennsylvania (3) Muhlenberg and Lafayette
(4) Moravian and Lafayette
(5) Christmas and New Year
15. Taylor Field was dedicated in
(1) 1898 (2) 1908 (3) 1914 (4) 1919
(5) 1923
16. In the Alumni Memorial hall stand five
(1) U. S. flags (2) flags of the Allies
(3) gold memorial tablets (4) Greek figures
(5) oak benches
17. The fireplace in Drown hall was presented by the class of
(1) '89 (2) '96 (3) '98 (4) '08 (5) '21
18. The old Lehigh canal attracted attention recently by
(1) flooding its banks (2) harboring a pair of alligators (3) reversing its direction periodically
(4) carrying the original boat of the canal company
(5) furnishing the locale for a new Janet Gaynor picture.
19. The latest Major seen about the Lehigh campus is generally considered a
(1) baboon (2) rat (3) lamb (4) hound
(5) deer
20. The Lehigh professor oldest in point of service as a professor is
(1) Goodwin (2) Eckfeldt (3) Ullmann
(4) Fox (5) Kost

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• Manuel Lopez

Manuel Lopez was admitted to the lawyer's inner office and began his story:

"Las' nigh', I say to my wife, 'Rosita, I go to Columbo Club. Be the good signora, and go to bed early.' Then I go out, but I no go to Columbo Club. No. I go 'cross street and wait. Soon I see Tony Frietas go up front stairs. My wife she answer door, and Tony Frietas he go in my house. I say, 'Saere Diablo, I keel Tony Frietas, but no, I wait.' Then Tony Frietas come out and go home. Ver' soon Joe Gonzales walk up stair and knoek two time on fron' door. My wife she come and let Joe Gonzales in, too. I am mad like goddam, but I say, 'No, Manuel Lopez, do not shoot Joe Gonzales—but wait.' Joe Gonzales come out, look 'round', then go home. Nex' come Rafael Toronto. I no like Rafael Toronto. He go inside and stay long time. Wen Rafael Toronto come out I think I shall stab him, but no, I go home. I say, 'Rosita, has anybody come to see Manuel w'en I am at Columbo Club?' She say, 'No, Manuel, nobody come,' and then she blow smoke like wise guy."

When Manuel finished his tragic story, the lawyer said, "Manuel, you have good grounds for a divorce. All you will have to do is to report to the judge what you've seen, just as you've told it to me. That's evidence enough."

"But I do not want the divorcee," Manuel protested. "I love Rosita Lopez."

"You don't want a divorcee?" the lawyer shouted in surprise. "Then what in the world do you want me to do?"

"I want you to keep Tony Frietas, Joe Gonzales and Rafael Toronto away from my wife. I do not divorce—I want an INJUNCTION!"

—*Pelican*

There was a dense fog and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated.

As he leaned over the side of the bridge, trying to pierce the gloom, he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a few yards from his ship.

He almost choked.

"What do you think you're doing with your blinking ship?" he roared. "Don't you know the rules of the road?"

"This ain't no blinking ship, guv'nor," said a quiet voice, "this 'ere's a lighthouse."

—*Log*

"Why does Geraldine let all the boys kiss her?"

"She once slapped a lad who was chewing tobaccoe."

—*Log*

Old Lady (to little boy standing on his head): "Don't you know that if you do that, you'll never get to be president?"

Little Boy: "That's all right, lady. I'm a Republican."
—Exchange

A couple of boys out in Iowa were discussing the recent drought. One fellow had some wheat which he had managed to harvest.

"The drought sure has made the wheat short this year."

"Short? Say, I had to lather mine to mow it!"
—Chaparal

Speaking of musicians, we've heard about one absent-minded gal who kissed her violin good night and took her bow to bed with her.

—Punch Bowl

The following notice appeared in the "Frantie" column of one of our leading newspapers: "If V. M., who deserted his wife and baby boy twenty years ago, will come back, aforesaid baby boy will knock hell out of him."

—Exchange

When you
Started this,
You thought it
Was a poem.

By now,
You see
You were
Mistaken.

Isn't it funny
How people will
Continue to read
Something even
When they know
They're being
Fooled?

—Exchange



The GREATEST NAME in Pipe-Smoking

There's a new love of Tobacco—"in the bowl"—because there's a great pipe in the world. It's KAYWOODIE.

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Send for Briar Specimen
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Vol. VIII

No. 7

LEHIGH REVIEW

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A magazine devoted to the interests of Lehigh
Published by students of Lehigh University

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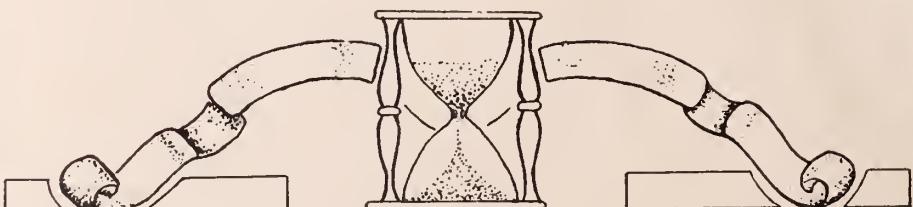
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AS A BATTER NEEDS **BOTH** HANDS

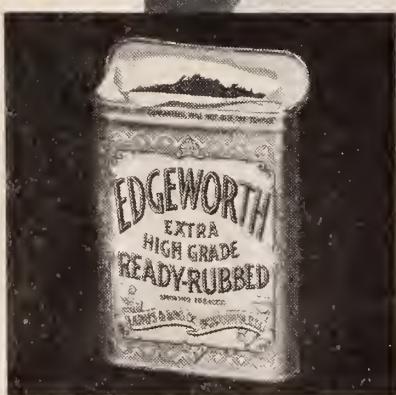
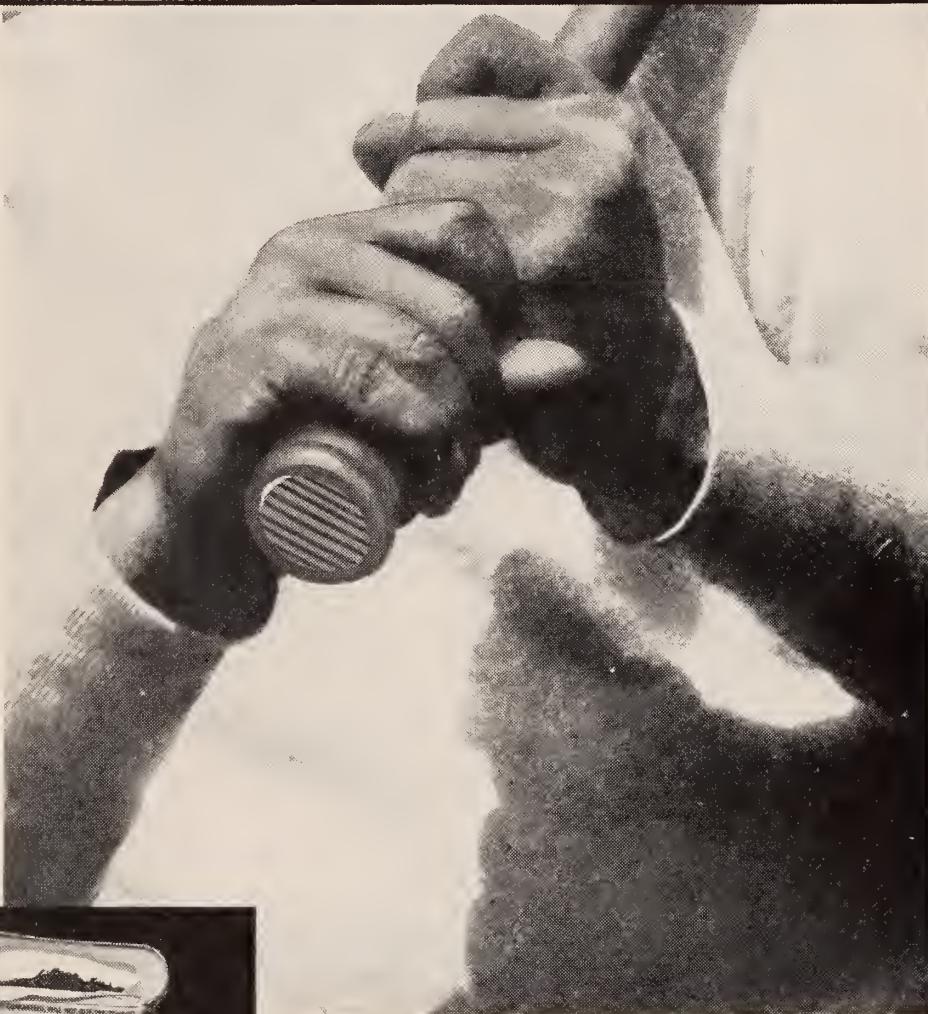
*So a pipe tobacco
needs **BOTH**
mildness and flavor*

IT TAKES the swat of *two* good hands around a bat to set the cheering section on its feet—and it takes *two* good qualities in a pipe tobacco to please you completely.

You want a smoke that has real tobacco flavor—but you don't want it *strong*.

You want a smoke that's mild enough for you to smoke all you want—but you don't want it *tasteless*.

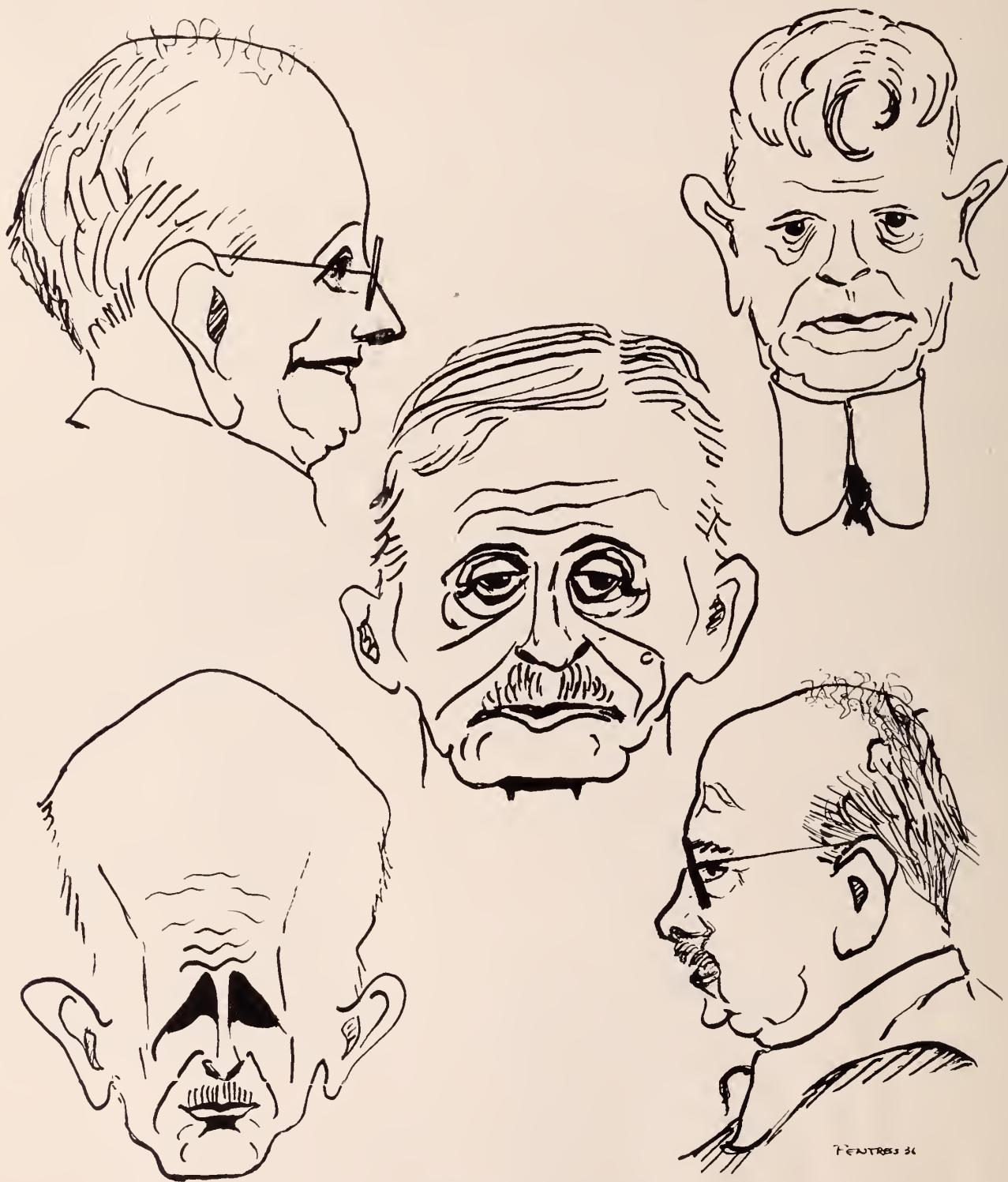
The answer is: you want Edgeworth. It has **BOTH** mildness and flavor. To get a rich flavor, we use only the finest pipe tobacco grown. To get mildness, we use only the tender leaves of that tobacco.



Edgeworth is made for pipes and pipes alone. That is why it is a better pipe tobacco—and why many smokers say that Edgeworth's long-burning qualities actually make it cost less than cheap tobacco. They get more smoking hours per tin.

Buy Edgeworth today and enjoy mildness *plus* flavor *plus* economy! Made and guaranteed by Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Virginia. Tobacconists since 1877.

EDGEWORTH HAS **BOTH MILDNESS AND FLAVOR**



Around the Chemistry Building

House Dance

by WALTER L. DEEMER, JR.

THEY sat on the stone wall of the Lookout, their feet dangling, and looked across the valley and the Seven Hills at the purple mountains just visible through the haze and the smoke from the town in the valley. The Wind Gap was supposed to be visible somewhere over there but neither of them could make it out.

"It's very fine, isn't it? The red and yellow leaves, and the sun going down, and the smoke and the haze and the wind." He lifted his face, all pink and white from the cold and the wind, and breathed deeply. He removed his dink and the wind ruffled his light curly hair.

"Valgovind is a nice name," Margery said.

"I don't like it," Valgovind said.

"How did they happen to give it to you?"

"My mother liked Laurence Hope."

"I don't get the connection."

"You know, 'Valgovind's Boat Song' and all that in Indian Love Lyrics. Poetic."

"It's at least different, not a common name like—well—like Philip." Her black brows came together and her smooth forehead wrinkled when she said the name, but Valgovind didn't notice.

"Yes, common name, uncommon fellow; uncommon name, ordinary fellow. Better to have them both ordinary."

"Well, Phil is rather extraordinary, but you aren't ordinary. You have lots of possibilities. No one, not even Phil, set the campus on fire in three months you know, Valgovind. Say, that is quite a name. What do they call

you, I mean just for ordinary?" She puckered her very red lips and said it again in three pronounced syllables, "Val-go-vind," and smiled.

"Freshman, usually. Phil calls me 'O'."

"O?"

"Yes, for O, Valgovind, you know. Like 'Lo, the poor Indian'."

"Oh."

"Yes."

"No, I meant just plain 'Oh'."

"Oh."

"It gets complicated, doesn't it? Do you like it, I mean 'O' for a name?"

"I don't mind it particularly, and Phil seems to like it. Phil's been mighty decent to me since I've been here at college."

"Yes, Phil's all right."

"He's more than all right. He's wonderful. He's done so much for me. Well take his getting my poem accepted by the literary magazine and getting me a date with you for this houseparty. That was a darn nice thing for him to do don't you think? I mean I

never would have met a girl as nice as you are, Margery, without Phil helping me."

"I don't know," Margery said.

"You've been darn swell to me, just a freshman and all. I guess Phil asked you to be didn't he?"

"Well, in a way."

Valgovind could see, without looking directly at her, little wisps of black hair, escaped from beneath her

continued on page 18



"He put his hand over Margery's."

Riders To The Sea

by ROBERT H. CLARK

(Editor's note—The following article is a satire on "Riders to the Sea." In this play the tragic life of the Irish fisherman is depicted in one act. The drama, compulsory reading in Sophomore and Freshman English courses, is morbid and depressing. The author attempts to show the futility of the lives of these fishermen who bow down before an inexorable Fate.)

SYNGE was at his best when he wrote the satirical comedy, "Riders to the Sea." The innuendo which Synge employs is the work of an artist.

The plot of "Riders to the Sea" is an old one. In a fishing village story it is an accepted fact that all of the men folks will die "off." Mr. Synge injects a new angle into the plot when he has a horse kick Bartley into the water. Synge was a card for thinking that one up.

The dialect used in the play is a "swell" take-off on New York East Side and the elite of Boston. Synge gives the play most of its comedy through the gay repartee of this dialect. There is the part where Cathleen sends Maurya, the mother, with the bread to Bartley. The girl, disguising the fact that she is too lazy to do the errand, tells the mother that she should bless Bartley before he leaves with the horses. Maurya gets off some crack to the effect that when she was a girl, she didn't tell her old lady what to do. This goes over the daughter's heads, but Maurya really does put one over on the girls. Upon her return, Maurya tells of seeing Michael, the son who recently drowned, riding an a gray pony "hell for leather" after Bartley who was mounted on the red mare. Well, naturally, the girls think that the old lady has "something wrong upstairs." Synge certainly can handle his comedy.

The characters in the play are continually keening. From my study of language, I have found that keening was formerly kooning. Our word, crooning, had its origin from kooning. We have safely concluded that crooning and keening are one. Synge uses keening as a device with which to ridicule the people. Maurya is constantly crooning about the house. This is very distasteful to her daughters, who believe that a lady of their mother's age should have more poise and dignity (besides, they have to listen to her). By this, Synge has presented the fallacy of old age's attempt to regain youth.

The best scene of the whole play is when the body of

Bartley is carried in on a shutter. I have seen this play on the stage, and I split three pantie buttons while laughing at this scene. Before the mournful group enters the cottage, there is a brief pause outside, and all give vent to a low but mighty groan somewhere in vicinity of low D. The door opens and the whole crowd drifts in. The majority plop on the floor, and all keep up the dismal crooning. I couldn't catch the words, but I'll lay any money that it was the "St. Louis Blues." When the chorus is really "going to town," the men haul Bartley in and hoist him on the table. Maurya sprinkles water on the body (Bartley is soaked through as it is) and states that now she doesn't give a damn whether it rains or freezes. Cathleen gets talking to an old guy about making the coffin, and they find that Maurya has forgotten to buy nails. This never fails to bring down the house in laughter. Synge used his last scene to show how lightly people take the theme of death. In the play they sing. His position is opposed to Maurya who rings down the curtain with "No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

We see that Synge has left us with two philosophies of death. Through his satire we get the meaning that death should be taken seriously. Maurya gives us the philosophy of death: here today — gone tomorrow — what the hell!



" . . . and whoever breaks the chain will be placed on cut pro."

Farewell

by JOHN R. McCOMB

"But we shall come back, won't we?"
"Who, my friend, you and I? Come back here?"
"Why yes. And soon. Perhaps in a year."
"Ah no, my friend, that we can never do."
"What! You mean we may never come back."
"We can never come back. None of us."
"But that's foolish. Others have come back."
"They have never come back here. Never."
"But I have seen them. And I will come back."
"Oh yes, you saw them. But they weren't back."
"Why, what do you mean? If I saw them, they were back."
"They were back only to place. Never in time."
"Of course not. That would be impossible."
"That is what I have just been telling you."
"But time does not matter. Place is the same."
"Ah no, place lives only in time. All else in nothing."
"But you admit, we can come back to the place?"
"No, I have just said place dies with time."
"Oh! I see now. It really wouldn't be the same."
"Your education has not been wholly in vain."
"But I have often thought of coming back."
"Foolish, idle thoughts. Many make the same mistake."
"But I don't like to think that I can't come back."
"For a while, it is difficult. Then you see a better way."
"It makes me feel like all this was dying."
"You learn quickly. That is exactly what happens."
"Yes, exactly. I see now. This all dies."
"Certainly. And that is why we can't come back."
"Yes, I see. We are not leaving, we are being left."
"If you progress so always, you never need fear."
"But, my friend, I don't want this to die. It has been wonderful."
"Now you are being foolish again. Everything dies."
"But—but is there to be nothing left?"
"Did I say that there was to be nothing left?"

"But you said that we couldn't even come back."
"Nor can we. We do not go back to a friend who has died."
"Then this has been all for nothing, knowledge, friends, happiness."
"What about the suffering, the enemies, the hatreds. the disappointments?"
"Oh those I have forgotten already. But the rest—"
"Why, the rest may be remembered, that is certain."
"But you spoke a while ago about a better way than coming back."
"Yes. And now I have told you that way."
"Oh! You mean remembering."
"Of course, silly. One may always remember."
"I see what you mean. And if we remember—"
"We are taking away what we wish. Then we never need come back."
"But we will only take away what is important?"
"Yes, of course. But why do you ask?"
"And what we leave is unimportant, only the shell of all this?"
"That's right."
"And we will always have what we take away? That will never die?"
"What you take away is beyond time. That will never die."
"Then, oh my friend, you are wrong. This that we have known will never die."
"How so?"
"Its essence will live always in our memories, beyond time."
"And now you are no longer fretful because you can't come back?"
"No, for I see that this is much better."
"I hoped that you would find this. And now, let us go down the mountain."



● Promenade

HE was scarcely aware of the excitement and pleasure around her. She was very much a part of everything yet she was isolated. The too-perfect band was meant for him and for her — for them alone.

She wished they could dance on forever; was unwilling to acknowledge that the night could ever end. Four years had been a long time to wait for a single night. Four years she had known him; had hoped without daring to believe that he would sometime acknowledge her existence. Even the thought that it had been a last minute date could not lessen her enthusiasm.

They danced faultlessly. She, with the inspiration of complete happiness; he, with the perfection that comes from countless repetition. She lifted her eyes to look at his face and was elated to see him smile at her.

He smiled, but he smiled without knowing. His thoughts were detached, even troubled. It was a dirty trick for Betty to turn him down at the last minute. After all, she had led him to think that everything was settled — that she would go with him. And there she was — across the floor — dancing with that guy on the track team. Shot putter — or something.

He'd show her. There she was, smiling at her partner — that! He narrowly avoided a collision as he realized that it had been that very smile that had first intrigued him. He'd show her! He looked down at the girl in his arms. Her eyes were clear — understanding. He bent his head; their lips met — almost casually, but very intimately. The music swelled out from the platform and carried them away from their surroundings.

Betty was angry with herself.

Had she been in a less crowded place, she would have stamped her very attractive feet. Or possibly she would have thrown herself, sobbing, upon the nearest comfortable piece of furniture. No one could ever resist Betty's tears — and Betty knew it. But at the dance she could only smile weakly at her partner. She could only storm inwardly and wonder what had ever possessed her. She'd refused him — she didn't know why — for the person struggling opposite her.

He was handsome, of course, in a primitive sort of way. But his muscles bulged ridiculously under a dress suit that was obviously borrowed. And his left arm moved up and down in perfect time with the music. With each up-stroke the ever-present gap between his waistcoat and trousers widened perceptibly.

Would he never button his coat? Why didn't someone cut in? Betty stole a quick look across the floor — wished she hadn't. She fought hard to catch her breath. "Let's go out for a while," she suggested.

* * *



He left her at the door of her home. He had had a rather decent time of it after all. Rather attrac-

tive — and she really could dance! He drew her toward him and looked into her glistening eyes. But he didn't know what to do when she began to cry. He could only stand stupidly while she clung to him. When, after a moment, she whispered a shaky "Good-night" and ran into the house he didn't even protest.

He didn't understand what had happened. He guessed maybe he'd have to see her again sometime to clear things up.

● Resignation

HE paced swiftly up and down the small living room running carmine nails through her blond hair in a sort of fierce desperation. Rain beat in steady pit-pats on the window pane, adding to her frenzy. What did life have to offer, she wondered, with Pete, Jack, and Dave buried in books — all the other presentable men cramming for exams and no prospect of a date. She crossed the room, dropped into an armchair, her figure oddly tense. Suddenly a look of wild horror crossed her morbid face. An idea had occurred. She shook her short curls vehemently and shuddered ever so slightly. Gradually a look of dull resignation settled her features. She arose and walked haltingly to the telephone. As she lifted the receiver, her face in the light of a nearby lamp looked wan and pitiful.

"Operator," she sighed, "give me 1989." A so bright voice crackled in her ear,

"The Lawdge speaking."

● Out of Space

NOW that summer is here with its hot evenings, one can get a lot of pleasure sitting in a nice cool spot and listening to a radio. Most of the better programs take a vacation shortly, but there are some new ones starting soon and many are to be continued throughout the summer. A few of those that are to stay with us for at least a little while are:

Sunday

7:00—Jack Benny. On the air till the end of June. This is voted the best program on the air. However, if Don Bestor's band were replaced with a little better orchestra, the entertainment would be finer still. WJZ

7:30—Joe Penner with Ozzie Nelson. Joe is leaving us soon for a year's vacation. Here's hoping Ozzie doesn't go with him. WJZ

8:00—Ethel Merman. This blues singer surely can warble a mean torch song. Al Goodman accompanies, but not so well. WABC.

Monday

8:00—Richard Himber. A dance program in the lighter mood. WEAF

10:00—The Cuckoo Hour — Raymond Knight's humor will drive you cuckoo sooner or later. WJZ

Tuesday

8:00—Leo Reisman with Phil Duey turns out a good program. Reisman's playing is smooth, and Duey's singing is very good. WEAF

8:30—Wayne King. The sooner this band gets off the air, the better we will like it. WEAF

9:00—Ben Bernie with all the lads entertains you royally. WEAF

9:00—Bing Crosby croons his way over the waves as the best liked crooner in the world. WABC

10:00—Glen Grey and Walter O'Keefe take a lift off the air soon. We hope Glen Grey comes back this fall. WABC

Wednesday

8:00—Hal Kemp plus Babs and her Brothers. One of the best dance

programs on the air. Hal Kemp's band is among the best, and Babs' harmony isn't bad either. WJZ

10:00—Guy Lombardo. This orchestra also needs a vacation. WEAF

10:30—Ray Noble is still holding his own in the race for the title of the best orchestra in the United States. WEAF

Thursday

8:00—Rudy Vallee provides swell diversified entertainment. A program worth listening to. WEAF

9:30—Fred Waring will be with us all summer. An hour of the best entertainment. WABC

Friday

9:30—Phil Baker with one of the better comedy programs. Leon Belasco supplies the rhythm. WJZ

Saturday

8:00—Lennie Hayton's Hit Parade. All the hits of the day that can be heard in an hour. Some advertisers are fighting to get this band, but I don't see why. WEAF

10:30 — Let's Dance program. Three hours of Ken Murray trying to be smooth, Xavier Cugat lending a little Spanish atmosphere, and Benny Goodman being sweet and hot. WEAF



"Probably the moving man, son."

● Record of the Month

THERE seems to be a lack of good dance numbers these days. At least it is hard to pick out even a few disks from the late releases that may be called excellent. Look this list over and decide for yourself.

GOOD . . .

"Restless," and "Once Upon a Midnight." Two swell numbers played by Hal Kemp. These pieces can be rated as among the popular these days. Both on a Brunswick.

"Driftin' Tide," Ray Noble's only present good piece. This piece was recorded in England before Ray came to these parts and musically it is better than any piece he has Victorized since.

"Swamp Fire." One of these slow hot numbers that just Ozzie Nelson knows how to play. Brunswick.

"Japanese Sandman" and "Always." Two old favorites played very well by Benny Goodman. Victor.

FAIR . . .

"Now I'm a Lady." This number from "Goin' to Town" doesn't quite live up to the title of the show. Played by Paul Whiteman for Victor.

"Every Little Moment." Eddie Duchin has a swell piano and a good trumpet. He needs a little more for this composition. Victor.

"You're an Angel." The Garber-Lombardo feud is something like the "chicken or the egg" puzzle. This Garber melody doesn't seem to solve the problem. Victor.

ALSO RAN . . .

"The Younger Generation." For some reason or other Ray Noble recorded this piece. His motives must have been very poor. Victor.

"Music in My Heart." Jan Garber does a rotten job on a punk piece. Victor.

"**S**ANGAILI, guaray balitoc chi amin itan a chontag chiay!" said the ancestor of the modern Igorot in the Philippines and forthwith set to work. All of which, in good American, means, "Boys, thar's gold in them thar hills," and tradition shows that these hardy little Indonesians who had just migrated from Indo - China knew what to do about it. This beginning took place in the mountains of northern Luzon in the Philippine Islands about the time Solomon was getting part of his vast store of gold from Ophir in the tenth century B. C. In the early seventeenth century, A. D., a Spanish explorer by the name of Hernando Riquel sent the following report regarding northern Luzon to his king in Spain: "There are many native gold mines in these mountains; the ore is so rich that I will not write more about it, as I might come under the suspicion of exaggerating. But I swear by Christ that there is more gold on this island than there is now in all of Biscay!" However, neither the good king of Spain at that time nor any of his heirs profited by this report, for the Igorot was too jealous of his mountains and too fierce a head-hunter for even the *conquistadores* of Spain. It was not until American occupation of the Philippines that the Igorots were fully subjected to external control and began to share their vast wealth with the rest of the world. Americans brought modern machinery and a "share the wealth" system to the natives and at present are taking millions of dollars worth of gold from the old Igorot stronghold in the Benquet Mountains of Luzon. But we are not to be concerned with that here.

Where these first pagan miners learned the value of gold is not certain, but it is probable that it came with the Hindu influences that are

still evident here and there among their customs. Later, however, Chinese pirates and merchants taught them something more of the value of the metal when they first began coming to Luzon about the third century, A. D., to trade and rob. But even from the first these unlearned, unfettered pagans seem to have loved the metal for its beauty alone, as is evidenced by the ancient ornaments that one still finds among them. They carved gold into necklaces, earrings, figures of animals, grotesque figures representing their Anitos, or gods, and, when occasion demanded, hammered it into crude bullion for trade with the Chinese. Their love for gold led them into every nook, every valley, every mountain, rock-outerropping, and possible placer deposit in Northern Luzon. They have mined, as traces prove, in every spot in those mountains where there is the least promise of gold. Of the American mines now operating in the Islands, not one has been located in a place that was not worked as far as crude Igorot methods would permit. And we Americans with our tools, our machines, our dynamite, and our money to buy labor, cannot conceive of the amount of work and hardships those hardy fellows endured for the precious metal they had learned to love before our civilization was born. Our Forty-Niners with steel and iron picks and shovels and gold-pans are to those miners as a modern cyanide mill would be to our Forty-Niners. Their tools consisted of a short pointed gad of fire-tempered wood, or sometimes soft Chinese iron, a stone or hardwood hammer, and var-

Among the F

by MELVIN S.

ious baskets woven of split bamboo.

Using his simple tools, the Igorot has made many creditable shafts, raises, winzes, stopes, and fills; the best of his methods of timbering, stoping, and back-filling is admired even by American miners. Many tunnels are small and tortuous, but all show fine ability in following the ore in hard rock. The rock was broken down by building a fire against its face and dashing water on the surface. Ore and gangue were carried out in large baskets or hollowed out logs attached to leather thongs. The miners worked in as far as possible, driving tunnels many meters long until stopped by very hard rock, a water flow, or the losing of the vein. They endured the foul air until their smoky torches refused to burn, and at times helped



"I'm the senator from N.

gan Miners

LORD

ventilation by waving large fans in the tunnel. Countless numbers have been killed by slides, caving of roofs, and from lung trouble, but they have remained dauntless for three thousand years.

Much of the mining, however, is placer. All of the streams from the gold bearing regions are worked after each rainy season. The best sections are usually owned by some individual, and intricate systems of rock sluices and reservoirs are built to work the ground. One of the most characteristic of methods of Igorot mining is to start working a vein where it out-crops, perhaps near the top of a mountain. During the dry season the men dig pot holes one above the other with a ditch connecting them and leading to the workings. When a sufficient head of

water is obtained, it is directed into the workings and they are "boomed out," the fine ore and dirt run out through rock sluices where the richer material is caught and held.

To the women falls the work of separating the gold from the ore. At a glance they pick out the gold bearing rocks and break them to about the size of peas, then crush them to a fine powder on the "alidan," rub rock, a large, cupped stone with a heavy round stone for crushing. The ore is then carried to a stream and ground still more finely on a flat rock in water. The slime is then panned in a shallow bark or thin wooden shell. The juice of tobacco is sometimes used in the panning process to cause fine gold to settle to the bottom. In this free milling of the ore, the women recover a very high percentage of the gold, but in tellurides and pyrites they are entirely at sea. They have back-filled tunnels will tellurides that have assayed from \$100 to \$2500 per ton. When enough gold has been accumulated, it is melted into bullion in a clay disk over a charcoal fire and purified by many heatings. Some Igorots are very adept at adulterating gold which they wish to use in trade, by the addition of copper and silver and a slight roasting in salt.

But the Igorot is not only an accomplished miner. He has long ago learned all the little tricks of favoring his gods, the Anitos. And certainly he must gain the favor of the Anitos, for by them the gold is grown. These Anitos have the intelligence and sensibilities of human beings, but have no corporeal body except when they wish. They are

answerable only to "Kabunian," the supreme god. These Anitos may be good or bad, friend or foe, but always demand obedience and sacrifice. A few favored men and women may sometimes communicate with them, and these hope to become Anitos themselves when they die. But since gold is grown by the Anitos, when it is found in a tunnel the miner must make a blood offering by cutting the finger or toe of one of the miners or by killing a pig, dog, or carabao, and holding a canao, or feast. At the canao, all pray, "Anitos, we would not take this gold if we were not hungry. Please forgive us and accept this pig as payment for your gold." Whereupon, the pig is killed, roasted, and eaten. When gold ore is taken out of a mine, it must be taken as quickly as possible or some of it will go away, and a canao is also held before melting and refining the gold so that none will be taken away by the Anitos.

There are certain things which are strictly taboo with an Igorot miner. He must not have intercourse with his wife while looking for gold. When working in a tunnel only the meat of a carabao or pig may be eaten—they lie in the mud—but a cow or dog is forbidden. No workman can eat native onions, the penalty being a whipping by his companions and a loss of his share of the gold. Nor can one whistle or sing in his tunnel. And, most important, no woman can step over the tools used in mining.

Sometimes the Anitos signify in various ways to a good Igorot where he may find gold. One way is "the sign of fire" at night. The miner may see the fire in the form of a dog, a cow, carabao, or pig, but must wait for daylight to go and mark the spot and begin work. If the fire is high, the gold is deep; if the fire is low, the gold is near the surface and



Are you Carothers?"

continued on page 17

Outfield and Over the Fence

Three Sports Sketches

by JUD SCHAEFFER

OB ADAMS doesn't often talk of his days of pro baseball. But when he does, it's easy to live again the life of sweaty locker rooms, of long trips by train, and of nights when the boys get together to talk baseball. Let's listen to Bob:

"There's an episode that might have happened in any game. Ike Boone was playing right field on the Red Sox. In the home park, the right field was the sun field. Ike was a big man, well over two hundred, and the left fielder was equally large. That left the bulk of the fast work to the center fielder. In the game I'm thinking of, a fly ball was hit to Ike. The ball stayed in the line of the sun and didn't come out until the last second. Boone backed hurriedly, but his cleat caught in the grass and he toppled over backward. Just then the ball hit him on the chest. The manager remarked later that he had seen infielders knocked down by hard hit balls, but it was the first time he had seen a ball hit hard enough to knock an outfielder down."

Bob is, of course, a Lehigh man. He's been interested in baseball ever since he was old enough to crawl into an empty bat bag. After graduation — that was in '25 — he joined the Boston Red Sox. Two years later while playing in New Orleans, he threw his arm out and ended his pro baseball days. He came back to Lehigh the following year and has been head coach here ever since.

* * *

Speaking of coaches, most of Lehigh's Purdue-football-aggregation can talk baseball with the best of them. Harmeson, Caraway and Calvert — all three are playing regularly in town. The Monocacy Club, Bethlehem's entry in the East Penn League is doped to end the season in first place. The outfield of that team is an All-Lehigh-Coach organization, and the playing manager for this season is Eb Caraway.

Eb is a Texan and his first games were played on fields that were just the way they had come into being. As Eb puts it, "there's quite a bit of open country in Texas. When they want to play baseball they lay down a couple of bases in a pasture. One boy became quite a player in these surroundings. And one day he went to a larger town and played his first game in an enclosed ball park.

"He was playing in the field when one of the opposing playeds elouted the ball over the fence. The Texan dashed madly across the outfield and sealed the fence. A little later the ball plopped inside the diamond. Just as the runner completed the circuit of the bases, the outfielder's head appeared over the boards. He inquired loudly, 'Well, boys, did I get him'?"

Eb is, of course, remembered by many for his baseball at Purdue. He made his letter with little or no difficulty and actually led the Western Conference in batting. He ranks this performance above any of his football exploits. And, locally, with only one complete season to his credit, he has succeeded in becoming a topic of conversation for the local fans. Last year, too, he played with the Monocacy club. During a game at Limeport he made local baseball history.

Limeport is a small town but its baseball is classic. It boasts one of the finest small ball parks in the state. And Caraway batted a ball over the left field fence of the Limeport park. It was not the first ball to go over that fence: it was not the first ball Caraway had knocked over a fence; but it did have all the power of the Texan's bulk behind it. It screamed past the outfield, cleared the fence by quite a few feet and came to rest in a cornfield. The next day, the man who found the ball measured the distance it had travelled. It was close to five hundred feet. And none of the local batting average experts could remember when anyone locally had hit a ball quite so hard or quite so far.

* * *

Then there's the Lehigh captain. Paul Budura has a baseball history but he refuses to talk about it. There is a story about Paul, though, that's too good to keep in the dark.

For quite some time Paul has been playing Summer baseball in the City League. For some time he played with the Lynns, easily the most colorful team in the league. Their first string pitcher, who was a bit erratic for even the minor leagues, was known as "Three-Star" Hennessy. Hennessy was one of the best when the opposing side was being properly handled; when things went wrong he blew up completely and all over the lot.

On one eventful afternoon his team was playing the league tail-enders. The under dogs had had a hard weekend, and after impressing the water boy and the manager (age 52) they found themselves with only eight men. Budura (he was relatively inexperienced then) was graciously loaned to the man-shy opponents and the game begun. After several innings of wretched play by both teams Budura came to bat for the tail-enders. Hennessy smirked. Budura hit the first ball pitched and was safe on second before the ball was returned to the infield. Hennessy boiled inwardly and fumed outwardly. He did, however, retire the side without further damage. Their next meeting, Hennessy resolved would be different. It was. Instead of landing on second, Budura made third after hitting the first ball pitched to him.

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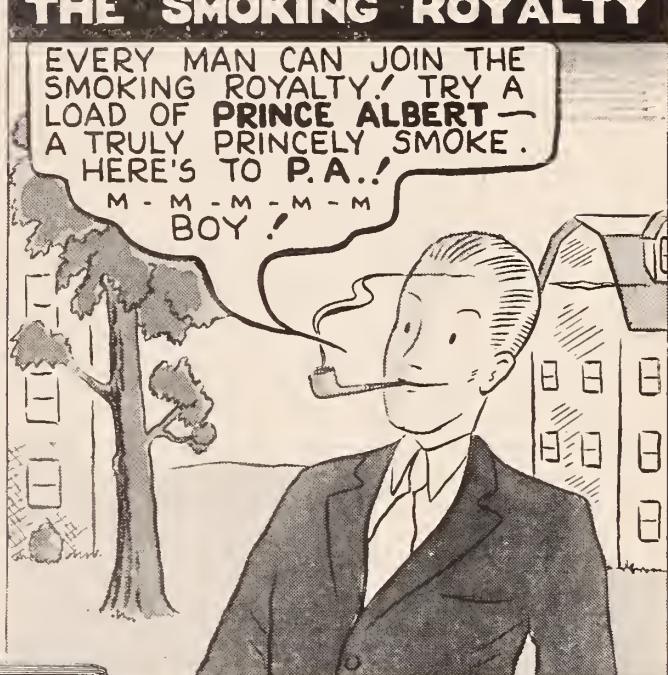
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PRINCE ALBERT

*the national
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College Socialism-- 1935 Style

by GEORGE YANKO

THE universities of America have gone socialistic—but the government isn't worrying about it because the "sociasm" is purely recreational. Twenty-five years ago social centers for undergraduates were in the experimental stage and considered an aspect of collegiate life foreign to "educational purposes." Today it is the backward university that has not provided for the relaxation, physical and mental, of its various types of students.

It was in 1895 when the first College Union of America was dedicated at the University of Pennsylvania. Since then 50 institutions have followed Pennsylvania's lead and erected buildings where dormitory, fraternity, and town students may spend an idle hour together over a game of chess or ping pong, where undergraduates may dine with one another and then amble off to some club lecture.

Working on the principle that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" the leaders in this movement to modernize the collegiate social system have recognized the long felt need for a meeting place where students from all walks of life can meet on a common ground. Previous to the World War the type of men that attended higher schools of learning were of a uniform character. Then, as sons of the idle rich for the most part, their outlooks were of a stereotyped nature. But with the great economic changes beginning in 1917, a "Mr. Average student" has been coming to college, the boy who was the son of the newly rich and the lad who saw his opportunity to work for a higher education began to double and treble college enrollment until universities were no longer exclusively in the hands of the money class. From that time on the real need for a common social center for a free exchange of conflicting ideas was felt.

Today the college edifice entirely devoted to the student's comfort is the gymnasium of the mind. While the introduction of the fraternity system gathered together small groups of undergraduates mainly for social purposes, the college union centralized these various living groups as far as comradeship is concerned.

In 1931, through the efforts of John D. Rockefeller Jr., who gave Brown university, his Alma Mater, \$600,000 for remoderning the Union building, Faunce house was rededicated. Here Brown students congregate

between classes, eat together, and seek advice on their common campus problems.

It would be interesting to quiz the old grad of a quarter of a century ago who was returning for a class reunion on what he thought of the new campus. Probably he would tell you how amazed he was at the lounge rooms, game rooms, common eating hall, and central bureau for extra curricula activities. Probably he would tell you that social life in his time was just that—social, not just as much a serious business and integral part of education as it now is.

Formerly there was a mad rush for colleges. Now the United States is cluttered with these institutions claiming a title to such a name. But, as always, it is the big, old and well established universities that again are pointing the way to the proper education of the student. No longer, these colleges feel, is the brilliant student so desirable; rather does society need the all developed man, who has his good background plus the ability to meet and converse with his fellowmen.



LARRY

Among the Pagan Miners

continued from page 13

may be got easily. Numerous instances of rich findings are given of thus locating a mine.

Sometimes the Anitos wish to keep the gold. At Aqinteg in Ampusungan there was once a rich mining community, but one night an Anito appeared to a group of people accidentally congregated, and said, "We do not wish you to live here any more!" The people moved away, and now all one sees there is a number of old workings and rub-rocks scattered about in the grass.

The Anitos must always be obeyed. One appeared to a poor miner, Magastino, one night and said, "Do as I tell you and then go to your mine and you will find gold. First find a black and white spotted pig and canao it. Before killing it, pray to us that we may know you honor us in your tunnel." Notwithstanding his instructions, Magastino rushed to his tunnel at the break of the next day, never thinking of the pig he had first to find. He found a rich pocket of gold, but that evening when he returned home, he suddenly became ill and died. He had not honored the Anitos.

Another, Mismisan, was prospecting for gold in Tabio and found a very small and poor vein. One night as he was sleeping, an Anito appeared to him and said, "Dig higher up and you will find rich gold." Mismisan awoke and saw no one, so waited till morning. He then killed a chicken and found its bile sack to be very dark, so went happily to work and struck very rich gold.

If the people desire better fortune in finding gold in a tunnel, they canao a pig in it; but no tapoi (rice-wine) can be drunk there. The blood of the pig is sprinkled in the tunnel, and when the meat is cooked the wise men place some of it in the tunnel and pray, "Please, Anitos, accept

this food and bring gold from — (some known rich mine)—and place it in our tunnel." The pig is then eaten, and the wise men drive "runo" sticks as a fence around the mouth of the tunnel. During the next day none must enter the tunnel, as the Anitos are placing gold there then. On the second day the miners enter the tunnel and begin removing the gold — provided that the Anitos are satisfied with the honor bestowed upon them, and that the people have been good.

In the early days there was much gold in a certain place, Suyoc, standing in the form of a tree and reaching high into the heavens. One day the Anitos caught some natives trying to steal some of the gold bark of the tree, so pushed the tree over and made it go deep into the earth, so deep that only Americans with dynamite (boomin-boom) can now reach it. But the main trunk has not yet been found.

Gold was first discovered in another place many centuries ago by a band of boys fishing. They were crossing a mountain when they suddenly saw a golden pig rolling along the ground, and it was only with great difficulty that they caught it. They tried to pick it up to carry home, but found it too heavy. Leaving one boy to guard it, they ran to their village for help, but the boy on guard became impatient and began cutting up the pig. He cut off the ears and tail, then stood up to look for the other boys, but when he again looked at the pig, it was no more. He went home with only the ears and tail, and in a few days became insane. The people, who had at first marvelled at the story of the pig, knew then that an Anito had been injured. They gave many canaos, made two great ear-rings of the pig's ears and tail and made the boy wear them, but all to no avail, for the boy sickened and died. They

continued on page 19

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House Dance

continued from page 7

hat, blowing across her red lips and black eyes. When it blew too hard she would shake her head back.

"I appreciate it, but I sort of wish he hadn't and then if you were nice to me I would know, well, that you maybe—well—that you liked me."

"I do like you, Valgovind."

"Thanks, Margery."

Valgovind put his hand over Margery's that was resting palm down on the stone wall. The leather of her glove was smooth and tight over her knuckles. It felt very pleasant to have his hand touching hers. He felt very close to her, and gratitude to her and to Phil for being so nice to him made tears come to his eyes, and he was ashamed and he sat without moving looking out over the valley that was mostly in shade now with only sunlight in the distance and a little patch on a tall chimney of the Steel way over to the right. The wind was colder now and it made his eyes smart. He wanted to wipe them but he was afraid he'd break a spell if he moved, so he just sat there with his left hand resting very lightly on Margery's and his right hand clenched in his coat pocket.

He could hear the leaves rustling on the trees, and a train whistled down in the valley, and in the occasional moments of stillness he could hear Margery's breathing

and he was afraid she would hear his heart beating so he whistled and it sounded out of place and he stopped. The train blew again, two long and two short, and then he felt Margery's hand move beneath his. She turned her palm up and he could feel it warm against his own palm.

"It's late, we'd better go back to the house," Margery said.

"I guess you're right," Valgovind said.

They jumped down from the wall and walked back to the house without speaking. He was glad it was too dark for her to see his eyes, which were still damp. It was too dark too for him to see her smile.

Valgovind decided he was going to like the house dance that night better than the Prom the night before. The house was bright and all the fellows were talking loud and singing and the girls were laughing and everything was gay, and there was Margery radiant in her red dress with the feathers around the neck. He danced with her and feathers tickled his chin.

"Gee, Margery," he said.

Margery didn't say anything.

He wanted to tell her how splendid it was to be dancing with her, and what a wonderful dancer she was, and how lovely she looked, but he couldn't think of the words. So he just danced on silently, and it was pleasant not to say anything and feel that Margery understood. He looked at Margery's face and she looked pensive and

continued on page 20

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THE ELEPHANT NEVER FORGOT!

Among the Pagan Miners

continued from page 17

put the earrings in the coffin, which should have ended the curse. But a thief stole the earrings from the coffin and soon became sick, but before dying, confessed his crime. His people held many canaos and tried to return the earrings to the correct coffin, but could not find the right one. Since the people could not rid themselves of the earrings, they have passed them down as a sort of plague from generation to generation. Each year three pigs of different sizes must be canaoed, and if this is not done, the people become sick. The earrings are of the purest gold and have become very small by now. I have known of only one white man who has been allowed to see them.

In early times there was much gold at Tublay also. Then one day the people saw the gold running away in the form of an enormous deer, then it suddenly fell and disappeared in the earth. They recovered much gold from its tracks and from its dung, but it was only in this century that Americans came and found the golden deer buried deep in the earth in what is now one of the richest mines in the world, Balatoc Consolidated.

But for all his love of the beautiful golden metal, the Igorot is a philosopher too. He says, as he probably thinks of the gold he has hidden away in his little grass hut, "Aliguan abusto i balitok i kgamang," (all wealth is not gold!).

• Can You Beat It? . . .

A FEW weeks ago one of the fraternities at Lehigh was honored with the presence of an eastern

prep school senior over the weekend. Jasper (this is not his real name) had merely come up to get a taste of college life. The fraternity soon almost forgot the presence of the little man when they learned that he had definitely decided to go to Hamilton.

However Jasper was not entirely forgotten. Two or three of the aforementioned fraternity men did not think such a lot of our hero since he contended that he had been everywhere and done everything, and these rather skeptical souls doubted the veracity of these statements. To test out part of his statements they decided to take him to one of the local taverns and find out his ability at tipping glasses bottoms up. Little unsuspecting Jasper stuck right along with these veterans for the first several rounds.

When things had gotten well under way Jasper's tongue began to loosen up and his inclination to drink began to leave him. Rather than be asked to seek their recreation elsewhere the little party bought round after round to help control the occasional outbursts of vile language from our little friend in the corner. After a while Jasper wandered away, and when he returned he misjudged his distance from the table and knocked over several drinks. Our friends, the fraternity fellows, had seen enough of him and his condition, and he was summarily returned to the fraternity house and put to bed while the rest of the party polished off the evening.

Jasper returned home the next day and told his father that he had decided to continue his studies at Lehigh the following fall. He had never so thoroughly enjoyed himself before.



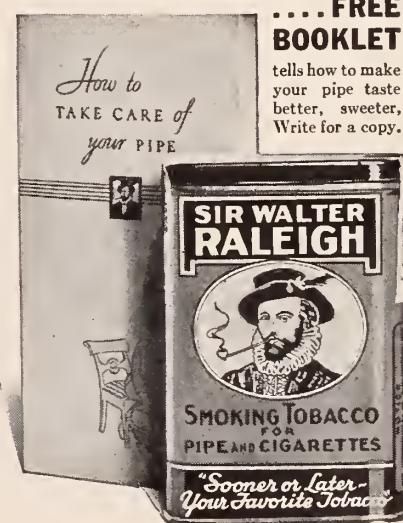
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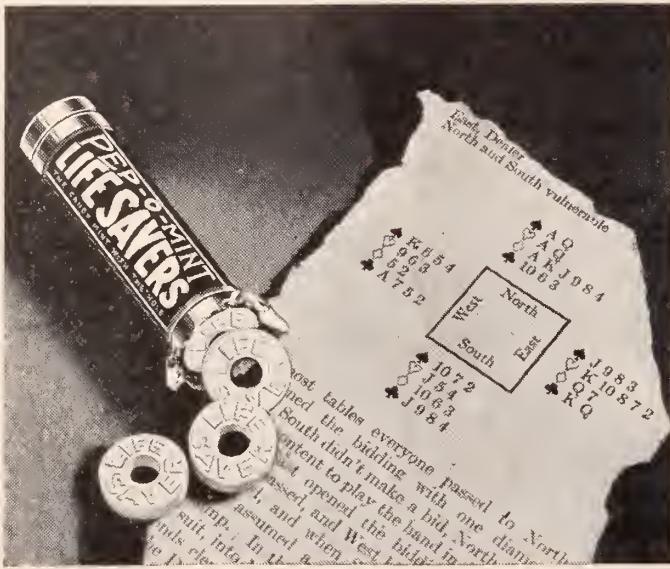
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Frosh: How is your insomnia now?

Senior: Worse and worse — I can't even sleep when you come in to wake me.



If you think you can do better, rack your brain and submit a quip for the September issue. A luscious assortment of Life Savers may be yours.

House Dance

continued from page 18

he was sure she felt something of what he felt and he was happy.

After three dances they sat down beside Phil and his date.

"Hello, Margery," Phil said.

"Hello, Phil."

"Hello," Betty said.

"Hello, Betty," Valgovind said.

They sat then in silence, and Valgovind was embarrassed and couldn't think of anything to say. When the orchestra started again he asked Betty to dance.

Margery and Phil remained seated.

"What's the story, Phil?" Margery said.

"Just like I said before, Margery. This girl is a friend of the family and I just had to ask her down for this houseparty. I'm sorry as hell."

"Yes, sorry as hell. It's fine for you during the year to have me here in Bethlehem to go around with, and now you drop me for this baby-fae. Yes, you're sorry as hell."

"I really am, Margery. It's only this week-end. You take care of Valgovind. He's a nice boy, a new speeies to you maybe. I'll see you next week."

"I'm tired of being nice to him. I sat with him all afternoon and was nice to him and let him toueh my hand and be worshipful, and listened to him tell me what a swell guy you are. Last night and this afternoon were enough. Now I want you, and if you're too stuck on baby-fae we're through. You think you can take me when you want me and then let me go. Well you can't."

"Now listen, Margery, be reasonable. You know I don't care about Betty, but Valgovind isn't going to let you run off with me. He'd follow us right up."

"We can take care of him easily enough. Give him a few drinks and sie Harry on Betty for a while and we can do what we like. O. K.?"

"All right, Margery. I'll try."

When Valgovind and Betty came back Margery suggested that she and Betty go powder their noses and they left Valgovind and Phil alone.

"Want a drink, O?"

"Gee, I guess not, Phil. I don't know much about it."

"Well you have to learn sometime. Come on over to the card room and I'll give you a drink of mighty fine stuff."

"But I'm afraid Margery might smell it, and I don't think she would approve."

"She won't mind you having a drink. Come on."

They went into the card room and Phil poured Valgovind a glass of liquor from a flask.

"Just drink it down fast. It will make you feel good."

"I already feel good."

"Well it will make you feel better then."

Valgovind drank the liquor and coughed.

"Ow, it's strong."

"Have another?"

"No, thanks."

They went back and sat down.

"How do you feel, O?"

"Good, thanks, Phil."

"Yeah, liquor's good for a fellow."

"I wonder where the girls are," Valgovind said after a while.

"Primping, I guess. Let's go have another drink," Phil said.

"All right," Valgovind said.

They threaded their way among the dancing couples.

A small, thin boy slapped Valgovind on the shoulder as he passed. "Where's your girl, Freshman?" he said.

"Primping," Valgovind said.

"She's pretty nice, better keep your eye on her," the thin boy said.

"Thanks, George," Valgovind said.

The thin boy laughed and went on dancing.

"Why did he laugh?" Valgovind asked Phil.

"George is just crazy. Don't pay any attention to him," Phil said.

They sat down in the cardroom and Phil poured some liquor into two tumblers.

"Gesundheit," Phil said.

"Gesundheit," Valgovind repeated.

They drank the liquor. Valgovind coughed.

"That's pretty good," he said.

"I'll put the flask here on the shelf, O. Help yourself anytime," Phil said.

They went out to the dance floor again.

"Go ahead," Phil said. "I want to speak to Harry a minute."

Valgovind went back to where they had been sitting. He was dizzy and was glad to sit down.

Phil came back and sat beside him.

"Gee, Margery's fine, isn't she?" Valgovind said.

"Yes, she is," Phil said.

"Thanks, Phil, for getting her for me for houseparty. It's meant a lot to me," Valgovind said.

"Not at all," Phil said.

Valgovind saw Margery and Betty coming back. He was still dizzy and he put his hands on the chair arms firmly, preparatory to rising. Both the girls said, "Hello." He said "Hello," and rose and sat down again quickly.

The orchestra began to play and Harry came over and asked Betty to dance. Phil asked Margery to dance. Valgovind watched them go off together and felt jealous

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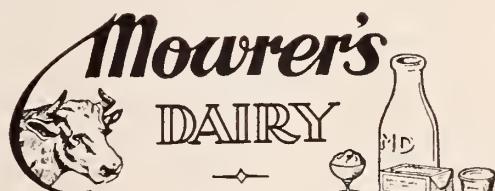
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House Dance

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for a moment, the two tall figures, both dark and somehow polished, were so handsome.

"That's foolish, Valgovind," he said to himself. "I guess I'll go get a drink."

He walked very uncertainly across the floor to the card room, weaving around the dancing couples. He got a tumbler and the flask from the shelf and sat down. He poured some liquor into the tumbler and drank it. He didn't cough so much this time. He sat for a while and thought about Margery and had another drink. He wanted to hold Margery's hand again if she would let him. Maybe she would walk up to the Lookout with him and would wear her gloves and he could feel the leather, smooth and tight across her hand again, and the memory of the afternoon with the wind blowing in his hair and Margery's hair sticking out from her hat and blowing across her face and the smoke and the haze made his neck tingle, and he rubbed it hard with his hand. When the music stopped he went out to find Margery.

He couldn't see either Margery or Phil. He saw Betty and Harry and walked over to them, his head feeling dizzy and heavy, and his legs hard to manage.

"Have either of you seen Margery?" he said.

"She was dancing with Phil," Harry said.

"I know, but where is she now?" Valgovind said.

"I don't know," Harry said.

Two teams were playing football with a bottle. One girl fell down. Valgovind went over and tried to help her up and they both fell again.

"I'm sorry," Valgovind said.

"That's all right," the girl said.

"Have you seen Margery?" Valgovind said.

"No. Have you lost her?"

"Yes. If you see her let me know."

"I will."

Valgovind sat on the floor. He wanted to get up but

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8. 2
9. 4
10. 3
11. 1
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13. 5
14. 2
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18. 5
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House Dance

continued from page 22

he didn't know how to go about it.

The thin boy came over and helped him up.

"Where's your girl, Freshman, primping?" he laughed.

"I don't know where she is, George," Valgovind said.

"I told you to keep your eye on her," George laughed again.

Valgovind decided he didn't like George.

"Want a drink, Freshman?" George said.

"No, thanks, George. I'm going to look for Margery."

"Maybe you better hadn't, Freshman."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

Valgovind walked off, putting each foot down carefully. "I guess Phil was right," he muttered aloud. "George is crazy."

He went out on the porch and looked, but no one was out there. He came in again.

Betty and Harry were still sitting on the sofa. He went over to them and sat down.

"What's the matter, Valgovind?" Betty said. "Can't you find her?"

"No. Is she upstairs?"

"No, she isn't, Valgovind. I'm sorry you can't find her."

"Thank you, Betty, for your sympathy," Valgovind said. He put his head back and closed his eyes, but that made his head swim and he opened his eyes again but let his head stay back.

"Why don't you go lie down?" Harry said.

"Why should I? I'm going to find Margery," Valgovind said.

He rose carefully and found he could walk a little better now. He went out on the porch again. The air felt good. When he went in George was standing at the door.

"Say, Freshman," he said.

"Yes, George," Valgovind said.

"Go down in the chef's room and get me a bottle of liquor I left down there, will you?" George said.

"All right. Where is it?"

"Back against the wall under his cot."

"Isn't the chef's room locked?"

"No, some one busted a hinge on the door this afternoon and it won't close."

Valgovind pushed the light button at the head of the cellar steps, but the lights did not go on. It was very dark and he felt his way down the steps carefully. At the bottom of the steps he turned to the right and moved carefully along the wall. The first door on the right was the chef's room. He felt the opening and squeezed in past the door that was stuck open about a foot. He

felt along the wall and found the light switch. He pushed it and the unshaded bulb in the middle of the room went on.

"God damn it," he heard Phil's voice.

Valgovind turned quickly. Margery and Phil were on the cot. Margery was pulling at her dress and Phil covered his eyes from the glare of the light and said, "God damn it," again.

Valgovind looked at them and suddenly his head was clear and he felt sick at the stomach. He turned around and switched off the light and went out the door. He walked slowly up the stairs and out the side door. He walked up the road to the Lookout and sat on the wall where he and Margery had sat that afternoon.

The moon shone fitfully from behind the clouds. In the valley he could see the lights of the town, and the music came faintly from the houses below him, and every once in a little while he could hear a shrill laugh. He felt the wind in his hair. It blew against his face and his body. His hands were on the wall and it was cold. He remembered how a glove feels smooth and tight over a woman's hand, and he saw black hair blowing across black eyes and red lips, and the tears smarted in his eyes as they had that afternoon.

Down in the valley a train blew, two long and two short, and the wind was cold against his body.

•

Dear Son,

I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make much higher grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about.

Love,

FATHER.

Dear Father,

I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact I would rather smoke and drink and make a C. Furthermore, I would rather smoke and drink and neek and make a D.

Love,

SON.

Dear Son,

I'll break your neck if you flunk anything.

Your

FATHER.

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